Daily Eagle

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

HOW THE SIGHT OF HIM STIRRED THE HEART OF AN OUTCAST.

A Mother's Undefinable Feeling of Fear, and Its Sequel—"Let Me Look Once in His Face, Near, and Smooth Only Once the Sunshiny Hair."

It was here in New Orleans during the carnival. The streets were filled not only with our own people, who seem somehow or other to put on new life at this period of the year and to dwell outside of their own homes, but with the many strangers who had come from far and near, some merely to see the sights, and some to take them in while at the same time enjoying the tempered breezes of the south, so in contrast to their own fierce winds. And, as is always the case, here and there were to be found some face and form that told too plainly that no search for either health or amusement had been the incentive to bring them here, but that restless tramp, tramp, which forced them from place to place; southward during the winter and towards higher latitudes at other seasons.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

And so it happened that the little mother who figures in this story had been out with her children and was on her way home in the cars when, without any outward motion having attracted her attention, she became aware (as one will sometimes without being able to explain why) that she and her darlings were being unduly gazed at by some one—a man seated on the opposite side of the car, but somewhat further towards the door. Her eyes turned over again in that direction, but no sign of disrespect on his part called for interference. He was one who, as far as could be judged from a rather rough and seedy exterior, had known better days. There he sat, his gaze almost constant, but free of any intended discourtesy. It was unpleasant, though, and annoying in itself.

The man, it was evident, meant no harm to her; could it be he meant harm to any of her little ones? An uncomfortable feeling stole over her, and a few squares this side of her residence she could bear it no longer, but stopping the car she continued the rest of the way on foot.

Once within the precincts of her home a calmness came to her, and she soon began to smile at herself for being so easily worried by such a matter, and that, too, in a crowded car. In a half hour or so the whole affair had become a thing of the past, an incident that would have lain forgotten in memory's storehouse, save for its startling reproduction a few days later.

Some one of the many processions was passing up town, and the rattle of drum and blare of trumpet had so aroused the children to the fact of the nearness of the pageantry that the only way to quiet them was to take them to see the show.

There was nothing to mar their pleasure till about half the column had passed, when that same indescribable feeling of being watched came over the mother. It was an uncanny sensation that had with her succeeded the hitherto enjoyment; the pleasure of the day was gone.

More than once she was minded to take her little ones home, but each time she thought of the deprivation to them and how foolish were really her fears; and so it was not till the last flower decked steamer had gone by that she started homeward. But a few steps only had been taken, when that unpleasant feeling grew more intense and she heard a voice close by call to her: "Lady! lady!"

Quick as a flash all the dignity of her womanhood came to her, and she turned, well able now to cope with whatever might be her fate. There near her stood the man whose presence had worried her a few days before in the car, and whose proximity for the last half hour had been felt, if not seen. But as on that first occasion, no sign of discourtesy was apparent, no disrespect was intended. Instead there was a something in the man's face, a softened, bedewed eye, a hope and a despair in his expression that touched some concordant chord in the mother's heart and awoke a sympathy that must have made itself apparent, for, seemingly more at his ease, he advanced a step or two and asked permission to say but a few words.

"Excuse me, lady," he went on, "I have been once another man from what now you see. I have, or perhaps I should say I had, a wife and one little boy up in Illinois (God bless them!), but bad habits got the better of me and my wife turned me from her. That little boy there is just as I remember mine; the same blue eyes, the same mischievous smile, the same bright golden hair; and ever since I met you in the cars the other day his face has been present with me in my waking hours and with me in my dreams. I want to ask one favor, don't, oh! don't refuse it; let me look once in his face, near, near, and smooth only once the sunshiny hair. Don't refuse me that."

Something like a smothered sob choked somewhat the last few words, and the man fairly trembled as he stood.

"Why, certainly, you may do that," answered the little woman with a naturally sweet voice softened by the pathos of the scene; "and I only hope that this unexpected meeting with one who, you say, resembles your own little boy may arouse in you so great a yearning for him and your home that you may find strength to go back a man. I surely wish you that."

The little scene was quickly over, and the mother and children continued on their way. The man watched them for some little distance and then, with a slow step, disappeared down the street.—Selby in New Orleans Picayune.

A Chance for Young Men.

The south of the future is not to be the south of the past. Agriculture is no longer to be the absorbing industry, but one of many industries, as great, or even greater, than it was, but allied to others that will give new impetus and vigor to it and make the southland hum with renewed life and energy. In this career of industrial development the south will have need for the services of her young men of genius, push, industry and perseverance. There is room today and an inviting field for thousands of this kind. She needs civil engineers, mining experts, architects, pattern makers, machinists, molders, carpenters, stone cutters and brick masons, skilled operatives in factory and shop. She needs every man with a bright brain, trained muscle and skilled fingers to take part in and help on this grand work of industrial development.

There is better opportunity in this field for the young man of genius, pluck and patience, better prospects for promoting and the acquisition of wealth than any of the overcrowded professions offer, where so few reach the top, so many struggle on the way and meet with disappointments at every turn. The professions of law and medicine, which seem to have a fascination for our educated young men, are now and have been for years overcrowded, and yet every year adds to the number of those who enter them. The field for service does not expand in proportion to the increased number of those who seek it, and the consequence is a division of a limited business among so many that only a few of recognized superiority and reputation are reasonably paid for their time and knowledge. We say this without any disposition to disparage either of these respectable and honorable professions.

But the field of manufacturing industries is wide and inviting, becoming wider and more inviting every year, and there is no danger of its being over crowded. There is the opening for our bright and ambitious young men who wish to strike out for themselves and hew their way to fortune and fame.—Franklin (N. C.) Times.

The Clever Poodle.

Some twenty years back we had a poodle—white, with one black ear. After the manner of his race, he was never quite happy unless he carried something in his mouth. He was intelligent and teachable to the last degree. The great defect in his character was the impossibility of distinguishing meum from tuum. Anything he could get hold of he seemed to think, according to his dogged ethics, to be fairly his own. On one occasion he entered the room of one of the maid servants and stole her loaf of bread, carefully shutting the door after him with his feet, the latter part being a feat I had taught him.

The woman—Irish—was scared and thought that the dog was the devil incarnate. The necessity of discipline on the one hand and of occupation on the other induced me one day to enter a saddler's shop, situated in a straight street about half a mile from our house, and buy a whip. Shortly after my return home he admitted some act of petty larceny, so I gave him a beating with the whip he had carried home. Going for a walk next day, the dog, as usual, accompanied me, and was intrusted with the whip to carry. Directly we got outside the door he started off at his best pace straight down the street, paying no attention whatever to my repeated calls. He entered the saddler's shop and deposited the whip on the floor. When I arrived the saddler showed me the whip lying exactly where the dog had deposited it.—The Spectator.

Auburn Haired Girls.

All young women possessed of red hair can remember that in the days of their childhood their hirsute adornment was a source of mocking merriment to their friends, and the term "sorrel top" or "strawberry blonde" was one of contempt. They wondered, perhaps, why it was that they were always called "red headed," when their playmates were described as being black, brown or golden haired. But the "red headed" girls don't mind now that it is every young woman's ambition to be auburn haired, and she hopes by the use of hair dyes to attain the shade which belonged to the wicked Lucretia. If she gets exactly the right shade she does not see why a single thread of her hair might not be preserved by the United States government and exhibited as is the one so proudly shown in Florence as having belonged to the wicked Lucretia. It is odd how many famous women have had this Titian red hair. Catherine of Russia gloried in it, and Anne of Austria had brown hair just on the verge of being red. Ninon de L'Enclos was equally proud of her warm colored tresses, and Mary Stuart seemed a daughter of the sun. Jane Hading and Mrs. Potter both have warm auburn hair, but it does not reach the real tinge, which is that which crowned, in all her glory, the head of the Empress Eugenie, she who has known the extreme of happiness and of sadness.—Atlanta Constitution.

Putting on the Cap Sheaf.

"It's wonderful what flimflam noshins they do git up nowadays," said the old lady in the next seat ahead. "When I was fust married an ox cart was considered good nuff fur anybody to ride in, but now they hev to hev palace kyars and sich or folks is kicking.

"It's got to be jist as bad nor wuss in church," she continued, as she felt for her pipe and tobacco. "I shet my eyes to it fur awhile, but I had to git 'em open when folks began to make fun of me fur wearing of a bonnet which was seven years old. Some of 'em git a new bonnet every year, and the extravagance in dress goods, handkerchiefs, collars, and sich is perfectly awful. I should think it would bust up all the men folks.

"And everything has got to running to grammar," she went on, as she filled her pipe and hunted in her satchel for a match. "In my day nobody didn't keer nuthing about nouns and verbs and poverbs, but everybody in this age is dead struck on 'em. I can't tell one o' my gals to bring up 'taters fur dinner or drive the goslin's out o' the garden patch but what she flies up at me about my grammar."

She found a match and lighted her pipe, to the great amusement of the other passengers, and she was puffing away and taking lots of comfort when the conductor came along.

"No smoking in this car, ma'am," he curtly announced.

"What?"

"No smoking here."

"Do you mean to say its agin the rules to smoke as I ride along and hanker fur it?"

"I do. You will have to stop at once."

"Humph! Well, that does put the cap sheaf on the whole bizness, though I've bin expecting it fur some time. The last time I went to meeting they objected to my smoking in one of the back pews, and now I start on a journey to my daughter Hanner's to be told to shet off smoking afore I've drawn six whiffs, because the railroad don't like it! I'll stop, of course, but when I git to Hanner's I'll just gin right up and tell 'em I want to die. It's no use fur an ole woman like me to expect to git any more comfort in this flimflam aige, and the sooner I kin git to heaven the better."—N[illegible]

Readiness to believe or disbelieve what is common report may be taken as a marked characteristic of the majority of people. There is now and then to be met and individual whose judgments are based upon some other grounds. Such a person was the favorite servant of Gen. Jackson at the time the general was president.

Jackson's man servant, Jemmy O'Neil, used to indulge a little too freely in liquor, and on such occasions assumed too much control over visitors to the White House, as well as over the inmates. Wearied out with complaints, Jackson decided to dismiss the servant, and having sent for him said, "Jemmy, you and I must part."

"Why so, general?" asked Jemmy.

"Because," replied the general, "every one complains of you."

"And do you believe them, general?" asked Jemmy, with a mixture of surprise and reproach.

"Of course," answered Jackson, "what every one says must be true."

"Well, now, general," said Jemmy, "I've heard twice as much said against you, and I never would believe a word of it."—[illegible]

LONG AGO IN TENNESSEE.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF "OLD HICKORY."

"The Court Thanks Andrew Jackson for His Brave Conduct"—His Duel with Sevier Recalled—Though a Backwoodsman He Was Always a Gentleman.

On the records of the court of Sumner county, Tenn., for the year 1795 there is this entry:

"The court thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct."

There is no information concerning what Mr. Jackson did to deserve thanks in this form, at least at the court in question. "Old Joe Guild," a prominent lawyer and state character, who died a few years ago, removed from that county to Nashville. He used to relate that when he grew up and became a Jackson man there were still magistrates living of the 1795 period. Of them he inquired of this entry.

WHY THE ENTRY WAS MADE.

It seems that the county court had the trial of misdemeanors. A gang of bullies defied the court, juries and sheriff, and persisted in terrifying the surrounding country. They were indicted by the grand jury, but came into court and declared that they would not be tried, that it was against the laws of nature which governed the conduct of gentlemen and protected from such undignified prosecution. By the next term of court Jackson had been chosen district attorney. On his arrival he hitched his horse, carried his saddlebags into court and placed them beside him while he perused the docket. The first thing he did, to the amazement of every one, was to call the cases of the bullies. The entire gang came into court and declined to be tried, repeating their accustomed argument. Mr. Jackson remonstrated and assured them that there was no way to avoid a trial; that the law must be obeyed, no matter whom it hurt, that it was no respecter of persons. The bullies became boisterous and threatening. Instantly Jackson pulled his pistols from his saddlebags and a free fight began in the court room.

The leadership of the young lawyer inspired the people present who were in favor of the enforcement of the law, and they joined with Jackson, whipped the entire crowd of bullies, took them into court, where they were tried, convicted and sentenced to the full penalty prescribed by statute. That was the last of the bullies and the occasion of the unexplained entry on the records of the court of Sumner county for 1795.

Samuel B. Morgan, who built the state capitol of Tennessee, died some ten years ago, had in his possession a merchant's book of accounts. In these were the purchases of Andrew Jackson for five years after 1790. An examination of the books shows that the only purchases made by Old Hickory of this merchant were powder, lead and whisky.

Mr. Morgan used to relate that he once witnessed a cock fight shortly after the battle of New Orleans. Jackson was present, sitting on his horse, while some fellow down in the pit awkwardly tried to heel the chicken. Jackson became first uneasy, then mad. He leaped from his horse into the pit, brushed the fellow aside and heeled the chicken after the most approved fashion. Then he returned to the saddle and witnessed the fight.

AN OFF HAND DUEL.

Jackson was originally a backwoods specimen of the rarest type, but he at once evolved into perhaps the grandest man that ever lived, having no equal in the ballroom, no peer in politeness, courtesy and admiration for women. The same is largely true of the Tennessean of today. Take him from the farm, array him in fashionable clothes, put him in the ballroom or in society and his thoroughbred blood instantly manifests itself, exhibiting in him only the refined man of the world.

Jackson's letters which remain are in many respects more interesting than Washington's. They exhibit a man absolutely devoted to his family, from whom not the smallest thing concerning them escaped and whose every interest was his. No man ever wrote in the same spirit and his social letters are models from which Chesterfield might have learned much in politeness. Nothing escaped him. To show how the men of his time worshiped him the incident related by Willoughby Williams, "Old Man Willoughby," of years ago, will suffice. When Lafayette visited Jackson in 1825 he rode in a carriage with Gen. Hall while Jackson was on horseback. Great a man as Lafayette was, the people all looked at Jackson and confined their expressions of admiration to him.

The duel between Jackson and Sevier seems to have escaped history and biography. Sevier was Jackson's equal as a soldier, and during his Indian fights of over a quarter century he never lost a battle, because he always charged into the natives when in a body, and the Indian could fight with a tree in front of him. In 1796 Sevier was the first governor of Tennessee, and for twelve years. During the first term Jackson was on the supreme bench of the state. The two men had a difficulty about a military election, both being candidates. On the day when Jackson arrived at Knoxville to hold court Sevier came also, mounted a block in the square and denounced Jackson in unmeasured terms, calling him all the names in the early vocabulary. There could be but one result, and that evening Jackson challenged him.

Sevier accepted, and then came a question as to where the fight should take place. Jackson wanted to fight on the Cherokee reservation and Sevier in Virginia. As a result letters passed between them in which the word coward had the most frequent use. Finally Jackson started for Virginia and notified Sevier. He reached Virginia first and remained several days awaiting the arrival of his opponent. Sevier not appearing he started for home, meeting his rival on the way. They met in the road, exchanged several shots, neither one being hurt, when friends interfered. They never forgave each other, and there is still a tradition that this was the most disgraceful episode in the history of the state.—Nashville American.

THE USE OF COFFEE.

A Writer Who Holds It to Be a Blessing to Poor and Rich.

We are persuaded, from our observation of many years in Greece and Turkey, that the moderate use of pure coffee is, one might almost say, a blessing to rich and poor. Excess in its use, or the use of it at all, except when the decoction is made from the genuine coffee berry, and properly made, is beyond any question an evil. One must live in the East for a while, or if not there confine himself to partaking of the beverage in other countries where the character of the cafe, or the house where it is served, is a guarantee of the purity, to appreciate what a cup of coffee really means. It is a recognized fact that the mixture drunk by the majority of people in Europe and our own country under the name of coffee is a vile, or, at the best, an adulterated compound of inferior berries, beans or other substitutes, and that when occasionally the genuine coffee berry is the basis of the hot fluid served at the hotels, railroad stations, restaurants and even in private houses, it is not prepared properly, and more frequently than otherwise injures the digestion and, consequently, the health of the constant drinker.

In Athens, broadly speaking, every third man indulges in cigarette smoking and coffee drinking, and this to an extent that astonishes the stranger. It is an every day sight, when entering an office or private sitting room, and not infrequently the family room, to see the tobacco box, cigarette paper and ash box lying on the table, and the visitor is expected, without invitation, to help himself and light his cigarette, as a preparation for, and a companion to, conversation. Little cups of black coffee follow as a matter of course, however early or late the hour may be. But the Greek does not confine his attentions to the coffee cup on these occasions. He often takes his first cigarette and his first cup in bed before rising, and continues the practice at intervals through the entire day. It is something akin to the habit of ice water drinking in the United States, but without the subtle, injurious results that follow an habitual use of cold liquids, which chill the stomach, impair the general health and produce decayed teeth. So far as our personal observation goes, strengthened by medical testimony, the Greeks in the condition of their general health do not support the theory that the habitual use of coffee injures the system or affects the eyesight.

The same is the case in Turkey. There coffee drinking is universal and continuous. The writer passed a greater part of four years in Constantinople, where he had occasion to call upon the officials of the Sublime Porte so frequently that it would be difficult to enumerate these official visits; and with few exceptions, when the visit was protracted to any length, black coffee, pure in quality and prepared with the grounds, was regularly served in small, delicate cups. All Turks, from the highest to the lowest, indulge in the beverage, a few swallows at a time, throughout the day, and without any evil effects. What makes the fact more remarkable is that neither the sedentary habits of the Turk nor the quick, energetic temperament of the Greek seems to be affected by the perpetual imbibing of this beverage. Spectacles, it may be remarked, are as little used in Turkey as in Greece; nor are complaints of the eyes more prevalent, if we except ophthalmia, which is brought from Egypt and exists chiefly among the unclean and dissolute lower orders. An old pasha once told us that he considered coffee to be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed by Allah to the faithful, not only from its grateful aroma, but from its health preserving qualities. He referred, of course, to the "divine berry" of Mocha, and not to the questionable compound served up in the "infidel" countries of the west.—North American Review.

They Need Nerve.

"Engineers at rest, sitting in the narrow cabs of their engines, lying at the depot waiting for the signal to start, often look to be a sleepy set of fellows," said the man the other night who runs the limited to Alliance. "Do you know," he continued, addressing a reporter, "that engineers are always wide awake when they seem to be indifferent to events happening around them? There are few things that escape their vigilant eyes. Many people have an idea that engineers 'go it blind' and trust entirely to the block system and the acuteness of good telegraph operators, but if they did this there would be wrecks and lives lost every day.

"A good engineer is always on the lookout. We see plenty of things ahead of us that harrow our nerves and make the hair stand up straight, but as long as the passengers behind us don't know it and we all escape uninjured, we heave a sigh of relief and say nothing. I tell you, it is no easy matter to hold a throttle, shoot around sharp curves and watch for obstructions. An engineer looks down for a moment at the connecting rods of the locomotive, moving backward and forward with lightning like rapidity. He doesn't know at what minute a pin may break and one of the rods knock his brains out as he leans out of the cab.

"We have to make schedule time; the road is full of curves, and we are likely to bang into these trains as we pass them. Little do people know how rasping it is on the nerves to be continually making narrow escapes, and yet one invariably feels that some day he is bound to 'get it in the neck.' It is the uncertainty of the business that is so trying."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Cigar Horror.

Among the latest imitations which have been successfully introduced into the tobacco trade of this city and other cities are cigars, the wrappers of which are made out of a specially perfumed paper. A gentleman well known in the iron manufacturing circles of this vicinity was the first to inform a Commercial Gazette reporter that smoking material of this kind was new in the market. He has recently returned from a visit to Norfolk, Va., where he met a drummer for a large tobacco factory of New York state. This gentleman informed the Pittsburger that he was then introducing an imitation cigar wrapper which was so deceiving in its character that experts could scarcely distinguish it from the genuine.

This preparation was made from rye straw, and one portion of the process was to steep the material in a strong solution made from tobacco stems. The grain of the straw, together with the manner in which the material was dressed, would lead any person to suppose that it was a sample of the leaf used in making wrappers for cigars of a more than ordinary quality. The flavor of tobacco was also present, owing to the paper having been immersed in the solution made from the genuine article.—Pittsburg Commercial.

Civil Service Examinations.

Chief Clerk Webster, a man of great zeal and usefulness in his work, denies that school girls and boys have a better chance in these examinations than men and women of more mature years. That the competitors are not school children is shown by the average age of candidates, which is about 30 years. It is noteworthy, however, that the average age of those who fail is always greater than that of those who succeed. Of common school graduates 36 out of 100 fail, as against only 17 of 100 of high school graduates. Among candidates who claim academic or collegiate education the percentage of failure is nearly 80, and the business college graduates do but 2 or 3 per cent. better.

Not many of the problems are difficult. A majority are in simple addition, multiplication and subtraction. Few fail on these, but may do on such questions as—"Express in figures the following numbers: One hundred and nineteen billion, one hundred and twenty-one million, eleven thousand and forty-one one hundred thousandths;" and also on such as this—"Express in words the following numbers: 6,844,571,431.03." — Washington Letter.

LAND OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TRAVELER IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Sudden Breaking Up of a Dinner Party. The Entire People of a City on Their Knees—How the First, Second and Third Shocks Are Considered.

In earthquake countries, particularly in portions of South America where destructive earthquakes are not of rare occurrence, as a rule the first shock is comparatively light and harmless. It is considered as a warning signal to look out, and is preceded by a rumbling sound not unlike distant thunder, gradually approaching and increasing in strength until the crash and full force of the shock is felt. The second shock of the same character soon follows. It is, as a rule, seldom dangerous. The third is looked for with anxiety and dread, and the consequences are feared. Should it occur its effects are almost invariably disastrous. The relator had seven years' experience in the several republics of South America and passed through many shaky scenes at first, with no fear or dread, and was disposed to ridicule the evident alarm of the inhabitants on the occurrence of an earthquake; but soon he became a veritable coward, and would out-Herod Herod in hunting a safe place at the first premonitory symptoms of a shake.

THE LAST COURSE INTERRUPTED.

His first experience was in Santiago, Chili, in 1842. It occurred during the forty days of Lent. Religious processions were of daily occurrence, attracting the attention of the sight seeing citizens wherever they passed. One day he was seated at a family dinner table in the residence of Don Santiago Valencia. The several courses had been served and partaken of, and chocolate for the gentlemen and matte (the national tea of the country) for the ladies had been ordered. Each had his or her tiny porcelain cup in hand, sipping the frothy contents of the rich chocolate or sucking the fragrant tea through the silver cube, when, as of by one impulse, the cups fell either to the table or floor and were shattered. The cry of "Temblor! Temblor!" was raised, and the guests, both male and female, rushed for the door without standing on the order of their going. The writer simply looked on with astonishment. The earthquake was light and he had not felt it, and he quietly set his cup down, either thinking that his companions were crazy or that something unusual in the way of a procession was passing. Going to the door he found the center of the street filled with men, women and children on their knees, hands upturned in the attitude of fervent prayer. The second shock did not occur, and these devotees soon arose and reentered their several domiciles and our party returned to the dining room and ordered more chocolate and matte as if it were an ordinary occurrence and a part of the programme.

His next episode in the "temblor" line was more enlivening and was decidedly instructive. It occurred several months after he had mastered sufficient Spanish to know the meaning of the word. He had been making a night of it with some of his countrymen and Europeans who were on a visit from Valparaiso, and returned about 2 a. m. His sleeping apartment was on the ground floor, and was a large, square room. On retiring for the night it is customary in all earthquake countries to use a brace set against the door in place of turning the key in the lock, as in the event of an earthquake the bolt gets jammed and cannot be thrown back. But he locked the door and was soon in bed and sound asleep. He dreamed that he had been bodily taken up by a man of gigantic stature and thrown on the floor, and awoke to become painfully conscious that such was the fact, or at least that he was on the floor. The frame work of the building and the earthen covering of tiles and cane rafters were groaning and creaking with a fearful din. The crash of falling buildings, the screeches of men, women and children, the howling of dogs, the braying of asses and the snorting of horses and mules produced a bedlam of unearthly sounds. He recognized the fact that he was experiencing the effects of the much dreaded third shock of an earthquake.

A SPECIMEN OF HORSE SENSE.

He at once arose, but reeled and staggered from the effects of the unusual movement of the earth's crust, and reaching the door found no brace. It was securely locked and bolted. He tried to turn the key, but did not succeed. He was a prisoner, expecting every moment that the roof would fall in. He made a frantic movement, and the bolt flew back and he was free and soon in the street. When he looked around he saw ruins in every direction. Clouds of dust obscured the coming dawn, and men, women and children were in the main thoroughfare and adjacent plaza praying with fervor to the Virgin for succor. The roof of the cathedral had fallen in, and hundreds who had rushed to it as a place of safety from the coming wrath were either crushed or killed outright. The frantic groans, screams, curses and prayers of the wounded were heard even above the din of the falling buildings, and made so lasting an impression on his memory that even now he often imagines that he hears them repeated. This experience had the effect to make him a veritable earthquake coward.

Shortly after he had occasion to visit the city of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, situated in a beautiful and fertile valley that lay east of the Cordillera range of mountains. En route from Santiago he had to cross a plain of forty miles. About midway his horse suddenly came to a halt and spread out his legs so that his feet covered as much space as possible. Astonished, the rider plied the spurs, but the horse was a fixture and refused to move. The narrator soon heard a low, rumbling sound, the premonitory symptom of an earthquake, which increased in strength and was followed by a crash and a shock that nearly threw him from his horse, which trembled, snorted and showed every symptom of fear; the ground cracked and opened in many places from a few inches to several feet, from which sulphurous vapor and water issued. His first impulse was to get off his horse and seek safety in flight, but on a sober second thought he came to the sage conclusion that the horse had four legs and covered more ground than he possibly could with his two, and decided to stay. Fortunately the disturbance did not last more than three or four minutes, though it seemed an age when it was over and all was quiet, with the exception of the usual tremors that follow an earthquake shock. His horse gathered himself together and moved on as if nothing had happened.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Running the Gauntlet.

One of the most trying ordeals that a bashful, self conscious man has to undergo occasionally in this city is to walk through the women's cabin on one of the big ferryboats that cross the North river. Everything is so wide and shelterless in one of these big boats, and the people sitting are ranged along the two walls with nothing to stare at but each other and those who walk between them. It seems to a timid man as if all eyes were fixed on him, as if each one was making a mental note that his trousers bagged at the knees or seemed shy of his boots, that a button was missing from his coat, that his cuff's edge was frayed or that his hat was last year's style. These cabins afford fine opportunities, though, for people who seldom think of themselves, and like to study their fellowmen, and are also much enjoyed by women who are well dressed, or think they are, which answers the same purpose.—New York Tribune.